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*REPORT OF THE  
FIFTH ANNUAL*

# OLIN REUNION

*HELD AT KENT, OHIO,  
OCTOBER 1st and 2d  
A. D. 1890.*



Report of the Fifth Annual  
OLIN Reunion, Kent, Ohio  
1890.





## OLIN FAMILY EXCURSION

SEPTEMBER 17TH, 1889.

**Come With Us and Join the Olin Family Excursion to Allegan, Mich.**

A cordial invitation is given to all, whether members of the Olin Family or not, to take advantage of the low rates offered and swell the numbers to a great crowd. Train will leave Ravenna at 8:00 a. m. and Kent at 9:10 a. m., Sept. 17th. Fare for round trip, only \$6.00, and tickets for return passage at any time within thirty days. Passengers can take the train at Akron, or at Mahoning depot in Warren, at same fare. Passenger Agents of the roads over which the excursion goes, will be on the train and give information as to the cheapest and best way to reach other points than those upon the line of the excursion. First-class train service is offered. The route is a beautiful one. The passage will be made in daylight, and everything will be done to make the trip as pleasant as possible. All who will join the excursion are requested to report to the Committee on Transportation as early as possible that arrangements may be made for comfortable passage.

For tickets or other information, address either of the undersigned Committee on Transportation, L. A. OLIN, S. H. GREEN, or N. S. OLIN, Ravenna, O. 2w





EZRA OLIN, Sr.

Born in Rhode Island March 23, 1772. Died Nov. 5, 1858.  
Aged 85 years, 7 months, 10 days.



# PREFACE.



*List Rev. Andrew Wilson 11/28/11*

MANY were the doubtful thoughts that would creep over us Sept. 18th and 19th, 1889, of our utter inability to completely match and return our Michigan cousins' hospitality, as they so generously crowded us to overflowing with the best of good things, not only for the physical, but our mental faculties. As we regretfully turned our faces homeward, we thought: This fourth Olin Reunion eclipses all. How can we ever return their well planned (and perfectly executed program of same) Olin Reunion—one to be long remembered by all who were present? I assure you all it was a very grave meeting (our first) we held at the house of our genial president, C. R. Doolittle, April 25th, 1890. It seemed to all a mountain of difficulties to overcome. But who ever knew Olins to give up and say tail? In our zeal and earnestness to do our very best for our New York, Michigan and Wisconsin uncles, aunts and cousins, we lost sight of our great fear of failure to entertain; and soon had our committees at work, as well as all the Olin ingenuity of Ohio taxed to its full capacity, devising the best and surest way to the success of our plans. It seemed as though old Father Time was on a race for Oct. 1st, so quickly did the time arrive—long before we could realize it. But our train delegates were at their posts of duty. About 2:00 a. m. in the morning of the 1st we were all startled at the Kent depot by the shrill whistle of the Olin Engine from the west. Teamsters and reception committees were ready for them. Such a crowd!—many besides Olins having taken advantage of cheap rates to visit friends in Ohio. After nearly half an hour all were on their way to dear friends and relatives, who had been waiting for them since 10:00 o'clock. About 4:30 a. m. the friends from New York came. Owing to a little misunderstanding on the part of some of our delegates, some were uncared for a short time. This was wholly unintentional, and we hope our friends will overlook and forget. We secured the large opera house in Kent for our meeting, having plenty of stage room and two large galleries for our bands. We engaged the I. O. O. F. lodge and banquet rooms, with their nice reception parlors, just over opera hall, for our banquet hall. We then engaged our tasty caterer, George Musser, to prepare and serve our banquets. We leave it to those who partook of our hospitality, whether we erred in judgment. We strove to make all welcome and at home,



and surely it was not our intention that any should go home ill cared for. If we have failed, it was a mistake of the head, and not of the heart.

The Michigan Olin band was seated in the right gallery; the Streetsboro band in the left. The day opened quite inauspiciously, with a drizzling rain; but the gift of pluck and energy was handed down from our sturdy ancestors in such bountiful quantities that this did not slacken their zeal or ardor to have a grand good time despite the wind and weather. They began to assemble about 9:30, and at 11:20 the Streetsboro band furnished some of their excellent music, hastening the multitude of Olins to the opera house.

At 12:05 p. m. our president, C. R. Doolittle, called the meeting to order, and the following program was carried out.

Music.....	By Olin Band, of Michigan
Song .....	.....Greeting
Prayer.....	By Rev. S. H. Olin
Welcome Address.....	By the President
Music.....	By Streetsboro Band
Response from Michigan.....	By Mrs. Hespe Russell
Song.....	By Michigan Quartette
Response from New York.....	By Albert Olin
Response from Wisconsin.....	By Rev. Stephen A. Olin
Music.....	By Olin Band
Secretary's Report.....	.....
Recitation.....	By Miss Reine Olin
Song.....	By Michigan Quartette

#### ONE HOUR AND A HALF FOR DINNER.

Music.....	By Streetsboro Band
Introduction of Other Branches of Family....	By Historian
Presentation of the Record of the Wisconsin Branch of the Family.....	By C. C. Olin
Volunteer Five-Minute Speeches.....	.....
Music.....	By Olin Band
Recitation.....	By Gertrude B. Olin
Banner Contest.....	.....

#### SECOND DAY—AFTERNOON.

Music.....	By Band
Historian's Report.....	.....
Music.....	By Ohio Quartette
Short Speeches upon Call.....	.....
Music.....	By Michigan Quartette
Evening exercises to be conducted by the young people of New York, Michigan and Ohio, interspersed with music	.....
Benediction.....	.....

Music.....	By Olin Band, of Michigan
Prayer.....	By Stephen S. Olin, of Sharon, Wis.
Song of Greeting.....	By Double Quartette, of Michigan
W. W. White, Frank Olin, D. C. Olin, Charles Olin, W. S. White, George Russell, Professor Marchant, Wheaton Brothers.	.....





## WELCOME ADDRESS.

BY PRESIDENT C. R. DOOLITTLE, STREETSBORO, OHIO.

*Kindred and Friends.*

Time, with its ever onward march, has brought us around to October 1st, 1890, the fifth annual Olin Reunion. To me has been assigned the pleasant duty of extending to you a welcome to our homes and hospitalities. We welcome you, from the youngest to the oldest, from the prattling babe to the gray-haired sire; not in a cold, formal way, but with the hearty hand grasp that thrills through the whole body with the magnetism of love and confidence. You are welcome to our state (which is our pride), to our pleasant village, to our banquet and our festivities, and last but not least, to our homes with latchstrings hanging outside ten feet long! For this especial occasion, this latchstring statement is to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. Methinks I hear some newly married couple say fifth annual Reunion. Why, that is its wooden wedding, is it not? Yes, it is the wooden wedding, if you please; and as it is customary at these wedding anniversaries to give a short history of what has passed, why not so with our Reunion? Let us go back to the time of the first Reunion, when and where, under the management and enterprise of those active and wideawake Michigan Olins, it originated.

The first Reunion was held on the shores of that beautiful lake, rendered historical by the occasion to future generations—at least so to those of the Olin family. With the splendid start made at the first attempt, the Reunion started eastward toward the rising sun. In about one year it arrived safe and sound, with its grip all packed and the faithful frog in attendance, was here taken charge of by the Ohio Olins, who were of the warm-blooded kind, and as these occasions were mostly out of doors, it was decided to hold this Reunion under cover of a tent of dimensions large enough to cover all. Tent was pitched on the grounds of the old homestead formerly belonging to Samuel Olin. As the Olins were not a nomadic people, this pitching of tent was a new business to them. But after many trials and tribulations it was put in proper condition and pronounced ready for use. But alas! disappointment is the lot of man—the first day of the Reunion had to be put over on account of rain. The next day was more propitious, being one of those mellow autumnal days when it is a pleasure to even sit still and breathe. Everything passed off in fine style, with banquet, band, vocal and instrumental music, interspersed with speeches, to end up with a remarkable test of speed and endurance between the fat and lean men; also a base ball match. The second day was more of a social and business gathering. All felt jolly and good-natured, and when people are in that condition it takes but little to create enjoyment. The social and visiting part of the Reunion came last, gradually drawing to a close with the departure of eastern and western guests. At this meeting officers from York state were elected, and an invitation given to hold the next reunion in that state,



Wyoming county—which was the third. With its great family, railroad excursions from Michigan, joined by Ohio, accompanied by cornet bands, formed the largest family railroad excursion ever seen in the United States, having for its goal and final destination Silver Springs, the designated point for this Reunion.

This Reunion also had its trouble with loss of baggage to begin with, trunks and grips running wild and hard to catch. This I know to be a fact, as one trunk was not caught until it arrived later at the starting point, completely run down. Silver Spring had to be rendered historic on account of its great sea serpent. But as the Olins are of a brave nature, and not afraid of snakes, the sea serpent story did not interfere with a full turnout. It is said every cloud has its silver lining, and surely this baggage cloud was not an exception, with the lining made golden in our memories from the grand cheers and hospitable treatment at the hands of the New York Olins, together with the banquet, speeches, music and sports enlivened with repartee and sallies of wit, made the occasion long to be remembered. This on the first day, followed by social gathering and picnic trip to High Bridge, and the home of the White Woman on the second day. It is with pleasure we look back, with now and then a pang of regret on account of some of the Ohio party getting sick, occasioned by too close an attendance at the clam bake, since rendered famous in song and story, and quietly stealing away to their homes with overcoats not their own.

The third Reunion was voted a decided success, and now and then for the next and fourth, which was appointed to be held at the original starting point in Michigan, with officers elected in accordance. This is of so recent date that it is still fresh in your memories, with grand banquet, tribal march, music, speeches, and evening entertainments, the second day's trip to Gull Lake, with music and sports in connection. This Reunion was attended by railroad excursions from New York and Ohio, the latter accompanied by cornet band which added much to enliven the excursion. This Reunion had its cloud of a very sombre hue, in the solemn and sudden death of Rev. W. H. Olin, en route to the Reunion, where it was his purpose to deliver the Reunion sermon. The pall of death was hard to dispel. It was a lesson not to be lost by those present. Otherwise the fourth Reunion was a decided success.

In conclusion, we would ask, What is the benefit of these Reunions? If a man was created for the selfish purpose of living, and all his efforts and labors were necessary for that purpose, then these Reunions are of no account and had better never have been held. But we are here for quite another purpose. Who among you would say that he or she is none the better for these Reunions? On the contrary, has not the influence been good, and are not members attended by higher and better motives than they would have been if these Reunions had never been held? With a repeated welcome, we hope that this reunion, like those before, will be a pleasure and profit to you all.

Music by the Streetsboro band; piece entitled "Happy Valley Echoes."



## RESPONSE FROM MICHIGAN.

BY HEPSIE A. RUSSELL.

*Mr. President, Dear Relatives and Friends.*

The kind friends of Michigan have bestowed upon me the honor of trying to convey to you the pleasure they all felt on receiving their invitations to this, the fifth Olin Reunion.

While I thank them for the honor, I truly feel my inability to adequately express their feelings.

We have all tested Ohio's friendship before, and know none could give a more kindly greeting or extend greater hospitality. We also appreciate your great self-sacrifice at this time, the hour of trouble to many of you, in trying to make it pleasant for others. In doing for others, we sometimes forget ourselves. While Michigan can rejoice with exceedingly great joy in times of happiness, she also knows how to sympathize in times of sorrow. For are we not one family? Truly Michigan is bound very closely by the ties of relationship to Ohio. We are but children coming home.

Between here and Earlville I was born. At the old town hall here in Kent I have passed many of my school days. In Standing Rock Cemetery lie sleeping many that were near and dear to me. Like myself, are many others. Think you we can ever be severed from Kent and the dear friends who remain here? No! your sorrow is our sorrow; your joy our joy. When I look around and see the glad smile of welcome, and have felt the warm hand-clasp of friendship, and observe the grand preparations, the pains, and the care that have been taken for our comfort, I am glad that we are here; glad to grasp your friendly hands; glad we belong to the Olin clan. While so many from Michigan are present to accept your kind hospitality, there are many left at home who send kindly greetings and wishes to be remembered. Their hearts are with us today. As I see before me so many kind faces, gathered from afar, that a few years ago seemed so distant, I feel that these Reunions are indeed drawing us together, making us a stronger, firmer band of Olin relatives; making our interests more united, our love for one another warmer and truer. Then, hoping and trusting, dear friends, that the object of this association—love and good will toward one another—may be ever kept in view, in the name of Michigan, I thank you, dear parents, dear uncle and aunts, I thank you, beloved cousins, for this, our royal reception.

Music by the Michigan Quartette.

## RESPONSE FROM NEW YORK.

BY A. E. OLIN, PERRY, N. Y.

It came to pass in the second year of the reign of Grover, whose surname is Cleveland, a call was heard in many states, Come, all ye of the tribe of Ezra, whose surname is Olin, to the waters of Gull Lake in Michigan, and be numbered. Many hastened from the east and the west, from the north and the south, and on the first day of the tenth month, the rink at Gull Lake was filled with the middle-aged, youth





and children, where a feast of good things for mind and body awaited them.

In the third year of the reign of the same ruler another louder call was heard from Ohio. The number that responded to the call was double that of the former year.

In the fourth year a goodly number responded to a call from York state.

It also came to pass in the first year of the reign of Benjamin, whose surname is Harrison, that the trumpet note was again sounded by the Wolverines: All ye Olins, come. All ye who ever were Olins, come. All who ever expect to be Olins, from every nation, people and tribe, come. And they did come with smiling faces, and were met with smiles and good things in return.

Again, on the second year of the reign of Benjamin, whose surname is Harrison, another call is given by the Buckeyes: Come, ye Olins, into Ohio. And here we are in response to that call, a small delegation only, on this, the first day of the tenth month in the year of our Lord, 1890. You meet us with a kind smile, a cordial hand-shake, a loaded table, a pleasing program, for which please accept our hearty thanks.

Much time, thought and labor have been given to these preparations for us, and we appreciate it and again say thanks.

We have left many of our number in York State. The oldest are left behind. My father gave up the pleasure very reluctantly. He very much hoped during the last few days, that he might be able to be here; but is too feeble. His sister Almira would be only too glad to share this pleasure with us. If you could have seen the long faces and heard the doleful voices of the others left behind, as they look on the fields and see the sorry work done by the recent heavy rains,—crops injured, work put back, and must be done now, if possible,—you would appreciate their feelings, and think of them as hard at work at home instead of enjoying this pleasure with us. They send love and greetings and say with us, God bless you and yours to the last generation.

## RESPONSE FROM WISCONSIN

BY STEPHEN A. OLIN, OF SHARON, WISCONSIN.

*Mr. President and Relatives.*

The state for which I am called to speak is a big one, both in area and possibilities and Olins, as the few of us present will undoubtedly be admitted as evidence; and the Olins in Wisconsin bear the Olin trait as to size. Although our delegation is but few in number, comprising Mr. Olin, of Waukesha, my wife, who is one of those who wanted to be an Olin, and myself, yet we are large in our admiration for and just pride in the name we bear.

It is with feelings akin to exultation that we find ourselves among you today, and are permitted to respond to the kindly, hearty and noble welcome extended to us, the newest and fewest in this great aggregation of Olin families.

For myself, I must say that I had been for so many years isolated from all bearing my name, I had lost much of the interest in our family





history and name ; or rather it had become latent, so that the first invitation which came to me to attend the Reunion at Gull Lake I paid little attention to, thinking, from my limited knowledge of the extent of the family, that it would be an insignificant affair ; but my eyes have been opened to behold wonderful things, and I rejoice in being permitted a place among you, to look into the square open faces of these manly men and the beautiful faces of these noble women ; and I do not wonder that the reference has been made to the fact that invitation has been extended to all Olins and all who want to become Olins or related to them, for I can readily discover how it is the family has so widely grown. And while it is so rapidly growing and the opportunities are becoming more limited around the old home tree, both in the East and here, we will do differently from what my now sainted brother said two years ago at your Reunion in Perry. "Come west." We have room enough in our far western home for more Olins yet, although we number so many among the Badgers, not so many as the Wolverines or the Buckeyes, or perhaps as the Empires ; yet we hope to grow by more wanting to become Olins or related to them.

We assure you from our present standpoint that this is not the only Olin Reunion we shall attend, provided always that we receive an invitation, if permitted to live ; we are too well pleased with the associations and too proud of the name to let it be the last.

We hope the day is not far distant when we can welcome the Reunion to our own grand state of prairie and forest and lakes. We assure you in the name of the many Olins in Wisconsin, that when the time does come you shall receive a hearty and glad, nay, a proud welcome to our western homes.

Again, sir, we thank you for your open-handed, cordial welcome, which has made us already feel so much at home among almost entire strangers as though we had known you for years and had come together after the lapse of many of those years, to renew the acquaintance that "can ne'er be forgot."

Music by the Olin band, of Michigan.

Secretary's report, by Mrs. George Adams, of Allegan, Mich. She being absent, it was read by Miss Hattie M. Russell, of Galesburgh, Mich.

## SECRETARY'S REPORT.

BY MRS. GEORGE ADAMS, OF ALLEGAN, MICH.

*(Read by Miss Hattie M. Russell, of Galesburgh, Mich.)*

When we Michigan Olins met in February, 1889, at the residence of our president, W. W. Olin, to make arrangements for the fourth Olin Reunion, some of us looked rather despondent as we whispered one to another: What shall we do? We have no lovely Cuyahoga Falls with its pretty glens, no beautiful Silver Lake, no glorious Genesee Falls and wonderful Portage Bridge, no High Banks, and but few elegant homes. How can we entertain our eastern relatives? But that indomitable courage and will which sent many of the older ones from those comfortable eastern homes to try the hardships and trials of Michigan thirty-five years ago, came to our rescue, and we said: If old



Mother Nature has dealt more generously with our cousins in beautiful scenery, she has given them no more willing hearts and hands than we; and we can and will make this Reunion a success. Of the busy days that followed I need not write; for we did just as you Ohio cousins did two years before, and you New York friends did in 1888—painted everything from the toilet bottles on the dresser, to the big red barn, that all might be fresh and bright for the Reunion; kept the best of everything, from the clearest maple syrup in April, and the largest, sweetest June strawberries, to the mellowest September pears for the Reunion; planned and worked and accomplished much, for it was a labor of love and our hearts were in our work, and "the heart giveth grace to every art"; and the night of September 17th, 1889, finds us ready and waiting to welcome cousins and friends from every state in the Union to our Michigan homes and our Michigan Reunion. At 8 o'clock p. m. the first train bearing our friends reached Augusta, and a few minutes later, Richland. At both places friends were waiting to meet friends, and in the glad greetings and hearty welcomes which followed, the darkness and rain were forgotten. All were soon safely borne to those who had remained at the different homes, to welcome them there to rest until the morning of September 18, 1888. All then wended their way to the M. E. Church at Galesburg, full of gaiety and happiness, anticipating much from this first day of our Reunion. Suddenly every countenance changes; every voice is low and sad; every eye is filled with tears, and our laughter is turned to a funeral knell as we learn of the death of our much loved and respected cousin, Rev. Wm. Olin. The Rev. Olin we listened to at Perry one year ago, lies dead at Dexter, Mich. That fine, noble face, those eloquent remarks come back to us, but are only memories now, while the true Christian spirit has gone to the Reunion above. We feel that we must accept the inevitable, and try to go on with our entertainment, although it seems almost impossible to do so without him; and with tearful eyes and quivering lips we begin our programme.

Music by Streetsboro band. Scripture lesson, Rev. Wilson. Anthem, full chorus, Michigan, New York, Ohio. Reunion song, "Happy Greeting to All," by W. W. Olin; full chorus. Welcome, by W. W. Olin, of Galesburg, Mich. Response, Arvin A. Olin, of Windsor, Ohio. Music, "For You," solo by Mrs. Charles Adams, of Alamo, Mich. Response by Milo H. Olin, of Perry, N. Y. Music, song by Dow B., Frank and Nellie Austin. Duet by Dow B. and Nellie Austin. Music by Olin band, after which dinner was served in the church basement to 250. After dinner the audience room was again filled and the exercises commenced with a song by the Ohio Quartette. Then came the after dinner toasts, with D. I. Russell as toast master. Responded to by Mrs. Ellen Olin, Rev. C. H. Barber, Rev. Dr. Wm. Olin, and others, followed by some very pleasant and entertaining remarks by C. C. Olin, of Waukesha, Wis. Then the historian's report for 1889, by George S. Nye. Secretary's report by Mrs. Mary J. Sheldon, of Perry, N. Y. Music, "Clams," by Lena Towne and Willie Adams. Remarks by Rev. Dr. Wm. Olin, of Ithaca, N. Y. A solo by Le Grand Olin, of Ravenna, O. A letter from Walter Olin, of Kansas, was read by W. W. Olin. Then came the



Tribal March, after which all again met in the audience room. Music by Streetsboro band. The branch of Ruth being the one which had the largest representation at this Reunion, the banner was presented to Mrs. Almira Bradley, of Kent, Ohio, by Rev. A. Wilson, she being the oldest member of that branch. Music by Frank, Dow and Nellie Austin. Remarks by Rev. Wilson. Piano duet, Hettie and Lettie Russell, of Galesburg, Mich. The friends then marched to the basement, where an elegant supper was prepared. After supper an hour was given to visiting, then the relatives, with many of the townspeople, gathered in the audience room to listen to the program. Music by Streetsboro and Olin bands. Music, full chorus. Scripture lesson by Rev. W. A. Bass, of Galesburg. Invocation, Rev. C. H. Barber, Fenton, Mich. Music, Ohio Quartette. Song, "Clams," by Willie and Lena. Greeting by Wilson A. Russell, Galesburg. Response to greeting by Lillie Haymaker, Earlville, Ohio. Response by Fred C. Olin, of Perry, N. Y. Piano solo, Maude Tucker, of Grand Rapids, Mich. Mrs. Watson, of Perry, who accompanied the New York friends, then gave a number of select recitations, which were much appreciated by all. Recitation by Hettie Russell, Galesburg, "Farmer and Wheel." Recitation, Mettie A. Doolittle, Streetsboro, "Bridge o' the Tay." Music, Streetsboro band. Original poem by Alfred D. Olin, Streetsboro. Mrs. Watson was again called, and gave "A Little Peach," and other selections. Recitation by little Rena Olin, of Kent, Ohio. Recitation and music by the juvenile Olins of Michigan. Song, "Good Night," by Ohio Quartette.

September 10th the family went to Gull Lake, where another happy day was spent in visiting, boating, and other out-door sports. A good dinner at Hawks Hotel, after which a business meeting was held. It was voted to hold the next Reunion in Ohio in 1890. The following officers were elected: C. R. Doolittle, president; S. W. Burt, vice president; N. E. Olin, secretary; and L. A. Olin, treasurer. An executive committee of three from each state was elected: New York—M. H. Olin, Haris Bolton, and Bert Olin; Ohio—S. H. Green, C. R. Doolittle, and L. A. Olin; Michigan—W. W. Olin, D. E. Russell, and Arvin Olin. After this meeting many enjoyed a trip around the lake on the steamer Crystal; and the twilight shadows had grown dark and long ere many of us reached the different homes in the vicinity, there to rest and enjoy supper with an appetite which always follows a regular old-fashioned picnic. Some left on the 20th, but most of the younger ones remained to enjoy the party at Peerless Rink Friday evening; and Sabbath morning many of the family gathered at the M. E. Church to listen to Rev. Olin, of Ithaca, N. Y. Our Reunion is finished, and all the pleasure we have crowded into the past few days is laid away in each heart, to be lived over again with other sweet memories of the past.

"So with happy hearts united,  
 So with loving hand and hand,  
 We will pass across the hilltop,  
 Traveling down to twilight land;  
 And when gentle evening falleth,  
 And our steps are faint and low,  
 In the twilight land together  
 We will dream of long ago."





Music, Streetsboro band; piece entitled "The Mocking Bird." Recitation by Bessie Olin, of Ravenna, Ohio, entitled "The Elf Child." Song by Michigan Quartette, entitled "Home Again Returning." Next dinner was announced. Over four hundred were seated at the tables, and we have heard of none who left the tables hungry. After dinner both bands made us all happy and good natured with their good music. Then came the banner contest, which called forth some hustling and rustling about, each tribe gathering its forces. The tribe of Arvin gained the beautiful silk banner, having 89 representatives present: Ezra, 47; Ruth, 39; Maria, 19; John, 4; Samuel, 53; Heman, 15; Mary Ann, 2; Philip, 2; Betsey, 2; Almira, 3; Truman, 1; total, 277;—besides many younger Olin's showing the sights of Kent to some who were anxious to become Olin's, and were not gathered in until too late to be counted. In a pleasing manner Rev. Mrs. Danforth then presented the banner to Mrs. Rosetta Haymaker, the oldest descendant of Arvin Olin.

Historian's Report, by George S. Nye, of Galesburg, Mich., introducing other branches of the family by a nicely prepared chart which he exhibited.

Music, a bass solo entitled "The Breaking Waves Dash High," by L. A. Olin.

## LETTERS FROM ABSENT FRIENDS.

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FROM PROFESSOR O. E. OLIN, MANHATTAN COLLEGE, MANHATTAN, KAN.

MANHATTAN, KAN., Sept. 29, 1890.

*To All the Olin's, Greeting.*

Your committee kindly placed ten minutes at my disposal during the Reunion programme, with an invitation to come and occupy. Now, Kansas is a far country, and my duties at the opening of college are such that I cannot delegate them; so, much against my inclination, I must be absent in the body and greet you from my classroom, hoping that Oscar or Elverton may read you what I have to say.

Doubtless when this reaches you the Olin's will have been sufficiently complimented and their good qualities shown up. The joys of home coming and the pleasures of reunion will have been duly dwelt upon; the past will have brought forth all its treasures and will have been lived again with only the happy days in sight. "Wash.", of Michigan, and "Steve" and "Than.", of Ohio, will see that it is not too long between laughs; and any of you can furnish all the wisdom and gravity necessary on an occasion of this kind. Nothing seems left to me but to speak in the most general terms of the generality of things in general.

There is a beautiful Persian legend that, when the world was





new and Time was young, the Master gave into his hands a calendar in which he should write the names of the years yet to be in the earth below. But Time was careless, and sadly blotted the pages, until some disaster fell into each year. One day the Master came to his desk and found him away and the book unrolled. He looked at the darkened pages, and by way of rebuke wrote the name of one year in bright letters of gold. No one knows when it is, but all look eagerly forward to the coming of the Master's gold year, when all sorrow shall cease, and peace and joy shall reign.

From Arizona to Peru one may trace the myth of the "Fair God" who was one day to come and lead his people to more beautiful lands. Every nation has in some form its longing look ahead. The belief in the "good time coming" is universal, and is most definitely formed in the Christian millennium. Are we doomed to disappointment, or is there in some far off sometime a golden age whose coming shall bring peace to all hearts, and shed a brightness over the long, weary journey of the world?

Whether there is or not, the doctrine of hope is a good one to teach the human race. It alone has power to lead them from darkness into light—from barbarism to civilization—from good to better in infinite progression. When a man's hope is extinguished his usefulness is over. A man in the prime of life who despairs of our civilization should be sent to the hospital. Your meeting in all the full gladness of today is a testimonial to the hope that led our fathers when they came into New York, Ohio and Michigan, then a forest, and helped to make them what they are. As we enjoy comforts and luxuries which our fathers could not know, so have we a right to expect that those who come after us shall inherit better things than we have. The signs of the times point unmistakably to a near era of unparalleled achievement. The last thirty years have witnessed the gathering of tremendous energies—forces that if rightly directed, could accomplish almost anything that man may desire in the earth. Science has reached a point where every new truth is capable of almost infinite application. The machinery of war is becoming so dreadful that men will no longer dare to fight. Every gathering of families, like ours, hints of the time when fraternity shall be the rule.

It is a good thing to live in the last third of the nineteenth century. In spite of our complaining, the world was never so comfortable before. It was never in possession of so much power. It was never on the eve of so great accomplishments. There are wonderful machines to be invented. There are marvelous discoveries to be made. There are great reforms to be achieved. The world must be made so just and fair a place to live that even red anarchy shall be shamed.

Some of you can send your thoughts back over fifty years; and you have seen in your lifetime more advance in civilization than the world has seen in any other four hundred years. Within your memory have come railroad, telegraph, cable, telephone, phonograph, electric light, and electric cars,—with all the changes they have brought in our complex civilization. You have seen the change from the ox cart to the palace car; from the spinning-wheel to the factory; from forest and prairie to populous city. But the generation that lies in the arms



of the mothers today shall see grander things than you have dreamed. In their time, light shall be transmitted as sound is now, and they shall see as well as hear from ocean to ocean. They shall cross the continent in electric cars, two hundred miles an hour. Strange facts are coming from the chemists' room, and it may be that in their time, the making of gold or silver or food for men from the rocks and the soil will be but a common experiment of the laboratory. Nature is giving lavishly of her secrets into the hands of those who strive for the mastery of them, and we have only touched the bounds of knowledge yet.

I have no sympathy with those who talk of degeneracy of man: who weep that the world is growing worse and worse. It is a mistake. The powers of good were never before so strong as they are now. The conflict with evil was never before so determined. We are rapidly approaching a death grapple that shall rid the world of many a vice. The old earth, sin-burdened and sorrow-laden as it is, was never so good as it is today. History teaches me that the world has never taken a backward step. It moves forward today with all the impetus of ages past. So I give you my word of hope for the future; that the great unrest of men the world over is but the deep stirring of a new and diviner life; that the light that trembles up from the east is the morning of a new civilization—born of the old, and yet a richer, higher, nobler life; that the light that never was on sea or land hangs over the future, and not the past. I do not ignore the dark clouds that hang upon the horizon. I believe they shall yet overshadow us. I believe that the crisis that men say is coming, will come; that from among you and those like you must come the men and women whose hands shall hold the winds of anarchy, destruction and death back, that they blow not on the earth. We shall gather up the invincible forces of life, to hurl them against the strongholds of death. I believe that before all our heads have whitened, such storms shall burst upon us as shall sweep nations and systems from the earth. But I believe those who are steadfast and true shall see the old world swing out again into brighter sunlight, and know that the eternal Judge of all the earth, in his love and mercy for his creatures, is the same yesterday, today and forever.

And so while you today enjoy the present and review the past, I sound a note of hope for the young, that they may expect a life fuller than ours; that they may look for skies clearer than ours; till the kindly old world becomes to them in all seeming, "a new earth in which dwelleth righteousness."

With hearty good wishes, I am

Faternally Yours,

OSCAR EUGENE OLIN.

FROM MRS. M. O. ROBINSON, NORTH RIDGE, N. Y.

The day of jubilee has come.

Tell it through all the land,

When various Olin tribes unite

In one reunion grand.

Dame Nature wears her richest dress



Of amber, green and gold  
In honor of this joyous day,  
By fathers oft foretold.

Great cause for gratitude have we,  
That, since our earliest thought,  
God has our steps directed, all,  
And us in safety brought  
To meet today 'round festive board ;  
Old times to now recall ;  
Old pictures bring from out the past  
Which hang on memory's wall.

And as we come, one family,  
Drawn by the cords of love,  
Methinks the angels pause and look  
From realms of light above,  
Upon these glad reunions, as  
From year to year we meet,  
And whisper of e'en fuller joy  
When all our tribes unite.

Let the young with songs of gladness  
Their tuneful voices raise ;  
And aged ones, in trem'ling tones,  
Unite in hymns of praise.  
For many years we have drifted  
Apart, alone, unknown ;  
But God, in ways mysterious,  
Is bringing back his own.

Each year some new link is added,  
Our kindred chain to strengthen ;  
Each year some new expression sweet,  
Love's silken cord to lengthen ;  
Till all our tribes together bound—  
Cemented by God's love—  
Shall own the Hand which guided us,  
Like glad returning dove.

Since last we met, some precious ones  
To mansions fair have gone,  
Reminding us most forcibly,  
This earth is not our home.  
We pause and drop a tear today ;  
Our ranks are thinning here.  
"Oh, may we all remember well  
The night of death draws near."\*

Last year God's honored brother,  
Devoted, gifted, grand,  
Was taken from reunion here  
And crowned at His right hand.



May those of us left standing yet  
 On Zion's walls around,  
 Give to the gospel trumpet sweet  
 No vague, uncertain sound.

In work for God let all engage;  
 Each consecrate his life,  
 Forgetting not the burdened ones  
 Grown weary in the strife.  
 Take up the work which they laid down,  
 Till God shall say: "Well done,  
 Into my joy now enter thou.  
 Sit down upon my throne."

Our nation's flag wears one dark blot.  
 Arouse! let us prepare  
 "For God, and home, and native land",  
 To live and do and dare.  
 Sisters, we'll wear the ribbon white,  
 Join every Olin hand  
 To put intemperance to flight  
 From our dear native land.  
 We'll march in solid phalanx 'gainst  
 Every tide of error,  
 Honoring as a family  
 Our father's God forever.

How this scene today reminds us  
 Of gathering home at last,  
 When earth's reunions, toils and cares  
 Forever more are past;  
 When God shall bid us welcome there  
 With throng before the throne,  
 Kindred, brothers and sisters, all  
 To dwell with Christ at home.

\*Quotation from old hymn sung by all the Olins.

FROM MRS. H. A. OLIN, VINELAND, N. J.

Olin Reunion! Ring out the loud cry.  
 Invitations so many like sere leaves do fly.  
 "This year, 1890, in Ohio, at Kent"  
 So read invitations that kindly are sent.

Received we these invites all over the land,  
 For Olins today are a numerous band.  
 Every state, every city in East or in West,  
 With one or more Olins is signally blessed.

Some are tillers of soil, who, with wide open hand,  
 Send out of their products to bless the whole land,  
 Not slothful in business, they reap more and more.  
 Till garnerers are filled with a bountiful store.





And artisans, too, with skill doubly rare,  
Come in for their honor, and have a large share ;  
Inventors as well in the circle are found,  
Whose brains are worth more than if weighed by the pound.

Land agents so nimbly fall into this line,  
And boast of the acres "out West" all so fine ;  
Where health-giving water fills up every spring,  
Which, if invalids drink, it will joy to them bring.

Even lawyers in this honored class there are found,  
With doctors and dentists the ranks do abound,  
All eager the causes of pain to remove—  
To clients and patients their faithfulness prove.

Of teachers and preachers there are not a few,  
Whose aim is to fashion, reform and renew ;  
To bring out the talent that latent has lain,  
And urge on to action the powers that would wane.

How well we remember one short year ago,  
When "Hope" was the watchword, with joy all aglow,  
The dark pall of sadness was so quickly spread,  
And of one of our number it was said, "He is dead."

So the ranks are thinned and yet always seem full.  
And Olin are cheerful, never prosy nor dull.  
Reunions will ever give gladness and zest ;  
May this one of '90 of all be the best.

Reunion that 's lasting will come by and by,  
Where loved ones and cherished have gone up on high ;  
So many already have crossed o'er the wave,  
And now join in chorus, He is mighty to save.

A history and record of Wisconsin branch of the Olin family, prepared and read by C. C. Olin, of Waukesha, Wis. It was quite lengthy and very interesting.

Music, "The Old Ox Team," by Ohio Quartette—Messrs. N. E. Olin, L. A. Olin, L. R. Olin, and F. A. Merrill.

## AFTER DINNER SPEECH.

BY HON. A. B. TINKER, SECRETARY OF BUCHTEL COLLEGE, AKRON, O.

### *Cousins and Friends.*

I cannot think of anything more appropriate on this occasion, than to give *my impressions of the Olin family*. Not being an Olin myself, I can give them due credit for their virtues, without being charged with egotism ; and, on the other hand, having married into the family, and being at this time the father of six young half-breeds, I shall not be charged with envy if my impressions have not always been the most



flattering. When, however, I come to stand up here and look into the faces of so many brave men and handsome women, flushed with the pride which this occasion gives, I am fearfully reminded that I must needs be cautious what kind of impressions I relate.

Some of you know that I was raised on the edge of the old tamarack swamp in the township of Mantua, in the northern part of this county. I don't think that any Olin was ever guilty of fixing his domicile in that township; but the fame of the Olin family was not unknown even in that benighted region, for I clearly remember one morning at breakfast my father's saying that those Olins were good farmers. This was my first impression of the Olin family. If it was wrong I would like to be corrected. (Pausing.) Well, I see there is no one here honest enough to make the correction.

Not long after this, three Olins came around with a threshing machine. I do not know that I have ever seen them since. They may, or they may not, be present here today. They were muscular fellows. One of them in particular was large, sinewy and strong. He was not a giant, but in my childish imagination he might easily have swallowed a boy of my size. One of them was small. He probably had not reached his full stature; but in one respect he surpassed the others. He surpassed them all in talking. He was probably related to Josiah Allen's wife. When they came at last to load up the horse-power the little fellow said they didn't need any help, for they *were all Olins!* This was my second impression of the Olin family; and I came to the conclusion that if they were good farmers, there was probably no one in the world who knew that fact as well as they.

Some years later I sold my skunk skins and got money enough to come here to Kent to a circus. When I came through Streetsboro I saw several farms finer than any I had ever seen before, and nearly equal to any I have seen since; and also some of the largest, finest cattle I had ever seen. I enquired of a boy whose cattle those were, and he said they belonged to Mr. Olin. Then I said to myself, Father must have been right, after all. They are good farmers.

In the spring of 1876 I found myself nearly ready to graduate from college. I say it was in the spring. If it had been any other season of the year, it is possible that what I am about to relate might never have happened; for, over a youth just budding into manhood—just ready to leaf-out, so to speak—the spring has powerful influences. I had passed through the ordeal of co-education, and none of the lovely damsels had awakened in my sober cranium any silly notions. Learning had been my only mistress. She it was I courted by daylight and by lamplight; and except for the smallness of my cranium I might have won her. But in the spring I speak of, the club in which I boarded took in two new members. They were young ladies and came from the woods of Windsor. When I heard that their name was Olin, I remembered the threshing machine and the circus; and I have since found out that these were only prophecies of what was to come. Georgia was the older. Ida was the younger. I was rooming with a young philosopher named Morford, then known as "Bub," but now known as Doctor. A day or two after the arrival Morford remarked to me that there was at least one thing those Olin girls could not be



charged with, and that was beauty. I asked Morford to please note my concurrence with that decision, and assured him that on that point there was no possible room for argument. "But," I added, "in my opinion the younger one is the worse looking." "No," said Morford, "I can't concur in that decision. I think the older one is the homelier." Now, friends, I desire to have you note here that the only dispute between the Doctor and me, sitting thus in judgment on that attribute which all young ladies prize most highly, was not, which one of the girls was the best looking, but (shame on us!) which was the worst looking. Such were my impressions of the Olin family at this time. But by some strange chemistry of the soul, different from anything I had learned in the laboratory, sour became sweet, my hard head became soft, and Learning found she had a rival that was too much for her. At this point you will excuse from going into details. It would neither be wise, nor safe, nor possible; but it will be sufficient to say, in all the mildness of language which the subject will admit of, that my impressions of the Olin family began to be daily occurrences, and then at length they became so numerous and occurred at such short intervals that they were about the only impressions I had. I will make their story short, and simply say, that in six weeks I was engaged to the girl whom Morford thought was the ugliest, in six months we were married, and in six years we had—well, we had less than sixty children.

But now let me turn briefly to impressions of a less serious character. I have not yet had occasion to regret that I became a member of the Olin family. I have found them to be honest. I don't think I have ever been lied to by an Olin. I have found them not only honest, but honorable. I have never been disgraced by them. I have been impressed not only by their honesty and honor, but by their sociability and their enterprise. I suppose there are only a few families in the world who hold annual reunions equal to those of the Olins. Above all I have been impressed by their broad charity toward one another. Mean men are always meanest to their relatives. It speaks well for any family that it holds annual reunions. "If any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar. He that loveth God, loveth his brother also."

Let us hope that with each succeeding year we may come together and inspire within each timid breast that chivalry of race which only can be inspired by such great social endeavors.

## AFTER DINNER SPEECH.

BY REV. ANDREW WILLSON, PASTOR UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, RAVENNA, O.

For nearly thirty years I have been acquainted with some of the branches of this family; have been with the members amid joy and sorrow, until I feel that I am well acquainted. For several months I had my home in one of their excellent homes, and have learned to respect and esteem these friends, their substantial characters and worthy lives.

Today I propose to briefly mention some of the characteristic features of this numerous family. The first is its selfishness. It not



only claims its own, but is constantly reaching out to other families and seeking conquests. Not willing to lose any of its members, it is ready to welcome others to its fold. Hence in the Olin family may be found Doolittles, Greens, Haymakers, Tinkers, and many other names that honor the conquerors.

Another characteristic feature is the great number of music boxes found in the several homes. These boxes are made of the best material, and are ornamental as well as musical. They usually last a good while, and frequently improve with age. Of them very few homes are destitute, and they not only enliven many occasions, but prophesy the permanency of the family.

A special feature of the family is the number in and out of the penitentiary. How many should be in is beyond my ability to determine; but so far as I know, all are out of that institution. The moral character of the family is of a high order, so that to be associated with it is both a pleasure and an honor.

Abhorrence of laziness is a marked characteristic of the Olins. Any one possessing this quality would be in danger of excommunication. In all departments of business, whether as farmers, house-keepers, mechanics, merchants, pill peddlers, lightning rod agents, lawyers, growers of onions, raisers of Shorthorns, sellers of patent paints, or musical instruments, teachers, or ministers, they are almost unceasingly active. Habits of industry and economy, combined with good judgment, have secured a large measure of success, and given the family prominence among the families of earth.

Speech by Mrs. Rev. Dantorth, pastor of the Universalist Church of Kent, Ohio.

Music, Olin Quartette, "Soft o'er the Fountain."

Récitation, "Grandfather's Barn," by Miss Gertrude B. Olin, of Ravenna, Ohio.

Music, piano solo, by Miss Ona Reed, of Kent, Ohio.

Music, Michigan band.

The meeting was then adjourned by the president, C. R. Doolittle, until 1:00 o'clock p. m. Thursday.







## SECOND DAY'S REUNION

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**M**EETING called to order by the president at 2:45 p. m. All were made merry and glad by music of Michigan band.

### BUSINESS MEETING.

The executive committee submitted the following report on nominations, which was adopted: President, Milo Olin; vice president, Mary Jane Sheldon; treasurer, A. E. Olin; secretary, Paris Bolton; all of New York (anticipating the next meeting will be there). An executive committee consisting of three members from each state, was elected: New York—Milo Olin, A. E. Olin and Paris Bolton; Michigan—W. W. Olin, Arvin Olin and D. I. Russell; Ohio—C. R. Doolittle, W. S. Burt and L. A. Olin. G. S. Nye, historian, was chosen committee at large.

Music, Michigan band.

Short, spicy speeches by Arvin Olin, of Windsor, Ohio, and W. W. Olin, of Michigan, in which the lightning-rod man was not any too highly spoken of.

Song by Michigan Quartette, "Little Jackie Horner."

### HISTORIAN'S REPORT.

BY G. S. NYE, OF GALESBURG, MICH.

*Friends.*

My report for the present year you will find made up principally from results obtained from my chart work, which I think to most of you will be of much interest. Beyond this I have but little to say, as our great family has pursued the even tenor of its way, and nothing of great importance has occurred to mark any great event in its history.

Death, as usual, has been gathering in his harvest, and we have among us sad and lonely hearts; yet the past year has been a favored one among us, as but four names are seen upon our tablet, which result we accept with gratitude.

Progression seems the watchword of our tribal race, as all branches are steadily advancing in point of numbers, as well as in keeping up



with the requirements of the times ; and in looking into the standing, intelligence, and general repute of our tribe, as compared with other citizens of our country, we have reason to be proud of our name and race.

#### HISTORIC RELICS.

I have here a little shoe. It is old, as you see, and of little value, comparatively. It has been considerably worn, too ; and look at the material and workmanship, how coarse and rude ! Yet around this little shoe clusters many an interesting incident of the long ago. Direct your attention a moment to the chart before you. There you see the name of Paris Olin, the oldest of John Olin's family, and a brother of Ezra Olin, Sr. This is the little shoe he wore while he was living ; but as he died when scarcely three years of age, it might have been the last he ever wore. He died about 1768--one hundred and twenty-two years ago.

Here is an old-fashioned wooden carpenter's square. This, too, has a history connected with it, but it is too long to repeat here. It belonged to and was used by John Olin, the father of Ezra Olin, who for sixty-nine years has been quietly resting from all labor.

The little gavel which you should see in the hands of our worthy president, was made out of timber that once formed a part of the old home in Shaftsbury, where our grandfather, Ezra Olin, lived and reared his large family of children. Could it but talk, many an interesting story could it tell of the inmates of that valley home so many years ago.

In directing your attention to this chart or genealogy of our tribe, I will say that much labor, time and patience were required to complete it. This multitude of names was printed letter by letter, as no other means was at hand at the time. It is very nearly perfect, as I have spared no pains or postage stamps to obtain the required results.

The life history of Ezra Olin and his wife, Ruth Green, with that of their fourteen children, you are somewhat familiar with, as it has formed part of my reports in the past ; so I will pass to the grandchildren, or third generation, and speak of them. In point of numbers we find, by adding those of the different branches, that there are 103 own consins. Of this number 81 lived to be married, and have homes of their own. A few of this number were unfortunate in losing their first companion, so we have to add 94 more members to augment this generation of our family, which makes the number 197.

The next generation, or second consins, by adding in like manner, we find in the first column 356. To this are added 168, the companions of those who are married, which makes a total of 524.

In the first column of the next or fifth generation there are 295 names. Of this number 7 have taken companions, so in line we have 302 members.

In the sixth generation the names are appearing ; already eight are written there.

Naming the number we have in the generations in their order, in the first there are 2 ; in the second, 30 ; in the third, 197 ; in the fourth, 524 ; in the fifth, 302 ; and in the sixth, 8 ; making a grand total of 1063.



We will now take the census by families. There are recorded as follows:

	MEMBERS	DEATHS	LIVING
In the John Olin branch,	53	13	40
In the Samuel Olin branch,	131	35	96
In the Betsy Olin branch,	55	15	40
In the Arvin Olin branch,	205	40	165
In the Asa Olin branch,	4	4	0
In the Philip Olin branch,	46	11	35
In the Ezra Olin branch,	168	19	149
In the Ruth Olin branch,	110	12	98
In the Marian Olin branch,	156	20	136
In the Paris Olin branch,	24	4	20
In the Herman Olin branch,	42	11	31
In the Truman Olin branch,	14	3	11
In the Mary Ann Olin branch,	31	4	27
In the Almira Olin branch,	22	4	18

Which makes a total of 1061 members; 195 dead and marrying out of the family again; leaving 866 living active members--two less, you see, than when we first counted them, they probably having got away since.

I consider it a fact worthy of note, that this, our family, has grown to such large proportions in less than one century; for it will not be one hundred years until next March since our first parents were united in marriage. Such result possibly may be an obedience of the Divine injunction as recorded in the 28th verse of the first chapter of Genesis.

There are many advantages in being connected with so large a family. Should any one of us feel like starting out to visit all our cousins,—we should expect, of course, to make them a reasonably lengthy visit, say a day and a half each, less the time taken to go from one home to another—to complete this visit to the 272 different homes would require one year, one month and a half, long enough time in fact to want to see our first-visited cousins again. Should any one, however, contemplate making the rounds, he would have to enter the states of New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Indian and New Mexico territories, Texas, Colorado, California and Oregon. In fact, the very best parts of "Uncle Sam's" domains.

It has been my custom to give obituary notices of our friends who have died since our last meeting. The names for the past year you see recorded on our tablet. With your kind permission I will be excused for the present and refer to them in remarks a little later on.

As we meet from year to year in these pleasant reunions, to enjoy its social pleasures and perform whatever duties have been placed upon us by our chosen committees, or otherwise, we feel at such times that there is something lacking, something yet wanting, to make our enjoyment complete. As we look about us for an explanation, we fail to see in the happy throng around us this familiar face or that familiar form. No more do we hear the hearty laugh ringing out as we used to hear while such and such a friend was among us. Neither do we hear the accents of certain familiar voices which we used to hear on an occasion which called a little company of our friends together. Ah, yes, the absence of those old time friends is what we feel, is yet still wanting.



The wish is frequently made that Uncle Samuel, Uncle Arvin, Uncle Heman, Aunt Ruth, Aunt Mariah, Cousin Ransom, and oh, so many others could be with us to enjoy these happy Reunions. Would that it were in our power to turn backward the wheel of time, that we might again clasp those friendly hands and listen to the music of those long silent voices. But no: Nature's laws are fixed and immovable. Life once departed is gone forever. Yet Art whispers, "I have power to produce a representation of what you most desire. See! here is the aged father as the weight of years rested heavily upon him, his life work nearly ended, his race nearly run. Born in Rhode Island in 1772; removed to Shaftsbury, Vt., in 1776, where the greater part of his life was passed. In 1824 he again resumed his westward march, stopping at Perry, where the rest of his years were spent, and where a marble shaft now marks his resting place. His age was 85 years, 7 months, and 10 days.

RUTH GREEN, the faithful wife and mother, died ere the artist's hand secured to us a likeness of those features which many of us never looked upon.

JOHN OLIN, the oldest son, was born in Shaftsbury in 1792; the pioneer of the family, as he was first to seek a home in the new western country. His labors were crowned with success, and he left behind a goodly heritage. His memory we venerate. He died in Perry Oct. 4, 1870.

SAMUEL OLIN's childhood was passed in the Green Mountain state; his early manhood in Western New York; the years of maturer life in Ohio, where he moved in 1839. Perhaps no man in his part of the state was better known while he lived. He died Nov. 22, 1874.

BETSY (OLIN) WOOD, the oldest daughter in this family, was young when she left her father's home, to live with a relative in Eastern New York. There she was married and there the greater part of her life was passed. She now sleeps in the beautiful cemetery near Cooperstown, not far from the shores of the beautiful Otsego Lake.

ARVIN OLIN in that old valley home in Vermont first saw the light of day ninety-three years ago. Only a little way from here they laid him to rest one bright summer day twenty years ago. A tall marble shaft which he helped rear with his own hands, marks the hallowed spot where a fond father, a good citizen, and noble man lies buried.

ASA OLIN, the fifth in this family, we have to pass without any representation. His name, his character and his deeds are all that are left us to keep him in remembrance.

PHILIP OLIN is the next. He was the first one to break this large family circle. He died March 6, 1839, aged 38½ years. No likeness of him was ever left us.

EZRA OLIN, JR., born in 1802, aged 88, has been spared all these years, and is present with us today. How many of us here unite in heartfelt greeting to our aged friend and relative; and now while he is still with us let us join in thanking him for the inspiring influence of his long and useful life, the character he has borne, and the worthy example he has left for us to follow.

RUTH (OLIN) STRATTON was born in 1804, married and lived in





Bennington a few years, then moved on to Western New York, where for a few years she lived near her father's family; then passed on to her home here in Ohio, where a great part of her life work was performed. She died in 1878, aged 74 years.

MARIAH (OLIN) RICHARDS, born in December, 1805, died in January, 1877. Many of the years of her life were passed in widowhood. Being left to care for and manage her little family alone, many a sad and lonely hour she passed; yet her last days were made pleasant by the care and attention she received at the hands of her grateful children.

PARIS OLIN, born July 25, 1807, is still living, but is not with us today. To him we feel under great and lasting obligation for the many items of history and records which through him have been transmitted to us. For over sixty years he and his companion have been treading life's pathway together. May the flowers which bloom on either side grow fairer and fairer while their life's journey lasts.

HEMAN OLIN, died May 19, 1865, aged 56 years. He left his Green Mountain home while yet in his youth. His first home was made in Western New York. In that part of the state he remained the greater part of his life. In 1860 he removed his family to Michigan, where he remained until his death. Jolly, fun-loving and generous, he had a host of friends who mourned his departure.

TRUMAN OLIN, the twelfth of this family, was also born in the old Vermont homestead, and was only fourteen years old when his parents moved to Perry, N. Y. There he lived, and died after a long and busy life. The number of his years was 72.

MARY ANN (OLIN) NYE was the last to leave her father's home, and the third one taken from the family circle. But a little way from Bere is still seen the place that once was her home, to which she bade a last farewell Sept. 26, 1856, aged 44½ years.

ALMIRA (OLIN) BOLTON is the fourteenth and youngest of the family, though her age is 75 years. She receives great pleasure from these Reminiscences, and though a great effort on her part to come so far, yet she is with us today. We hail her presence with gladness.

We now come to the names which you have seen written upon our chart.

Garrett R. Pier, a grandson of Betsy (Olin) Wood, died Dec. 26, 1889. I expected to have been able to give a short life sketch, but have been disappointed in not receiving the items necessary. A few weeks ago I received a letter from his wife, who was then visiting in New Hampshire. She expected to return in a short time to her home in New York City, and then she would send his picture and a life sketch; they have not been received, so for the present we will pass on.

You now see the picture of a face very familiar to many of you, this being the first remission where his presence has not been seen. He was born in Marion, Wayne county, New York, June 28, 1823. His father was a farmer, and came from the East when that country was quite new. He moved to Ohio when Abraham was about eleven years old, and settled in this, Franklin township. His home was with his father until he was married to Miss Merilla Olin, June 9, 1847. Since then his home for a time was in Franklin, then for a few months in Michigan, when he removed to Indiana, where he resided some seven



years. In December of 1863 he returned to Franklin, where his home has been ever since. He was the father of ten children, six of whom survive. He was a very kind and affectionate man in his family, his whole life being centered there. As a neighbor he was kind and obliging; as a man he was honest and upright; as a friend he was true to the last. In recording his death, which occurred July 22, 1866, we feel that a good man has fallen—one whose great desire was to be useful, and treat kindly his fellow man. The influence of those noble qualities of his life will long be felt in the community in which he lived, and his memory will linger in the hearts of his friends and family through many years to come.

Upon our tablet we see the names of Idazella Cackler, a little daughter of Emma (Pratt) Cackler; and Phebe Sturgis, a granddaughter of Ruth (Richards) Sturgis. The stay of both of them in this world was very brief, as they died when but a few weeks old; and nothing now is left but the names and memories of those little forms.

As beside the little cradle we see the fond mother watching her sleeping babe, forming plans for the future, love for her first-born fills her mother heart, contentment and happiness fills her little home, and the future looks bright and fair. Yet forms unseen are hovering o'er the couch of the little sleeper; and beneath the chastening rod the mother yields in meek submission her fairest and dearest treasure. From their little home on earth to a fairer, brighter one beyond they are borne on angel pinions, through those mysterious realms beyond life's narrow confines, until they enter that beautiful home where dwells in radiant splendor that High and Holy One who brought salvation to the children of men, and said when on earth: "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Beside the empty cradle sits the sorrowing mother, her heart, like the little cradle, desolate and lone. How many mothers who look upon this scene, have not felt its stern reality? Sorrow and desolation seem necessary at times to fit us for the higher and better appreciation of life and its blessings, and direct our attention to those duties incumbent upon us.

By motion of W. W. Olin, a vote of thanks was tendered George S. Nye for the able and careful manner in which he prepared the report and chart.

Song, Ohio Quartette, "The Old Oaken Bucket."

Recitation by Misses Lena and Lydia Kingdom, Windsor, O.

Recitation, "Picnic Sam," by Miss Glen Rawdon, Windsor, O.  
Music, Michigan band.

Short speeches by Rev. Mrs. Danforth, Stephen A. Olin and W. W. Russell, who just got in from his little episode of getting left at a by-station along the route.

After music by Michigan band, adjourned to banquet hall for supper, where a good social time was indulged in by all. Many pleasant scenes and events were treasured up in memory's casket, to furnish food for thought down through all the coming years.



About 400 were received by our genial caterer, Mr. Geo. Musser.

## EVENING ENTERTAINMENT.

This was controlled and managed principally by the young people of New York, Ohio and Michigan.

Music, bass solo by Professor Marchant, Galesburg, Mich.

## "A DREAM."

ESSAY BY CLARA M. BOLTON, PERRY, N. Y.

I dreamed a dream. It was of a curiously wonderful place. Some call it Utopia; but I have searched the maps over and over again, and cannot find it. It was not the city, neither was it the country, but a large island of beautiful lawns, dotted here and there by sparkling fountains. It seemed to be thickly inhabited, the dwellings large and spacious, but having a mysterious air about them (for dreams are always mysterious); and the mystery connected with these houses was, that the more occupants there were, the more room there seemed to be. And I saw one building which stood apart from the others, that seemed possessed of dignity and importance far greater than the rest; and on closer examination I find that it is the dining-hall of the island, and in the dining-hall there assembled periodically all the inhabitants. For here we find the co-operative labor system in full operation, the great number of inhabitants making it unnecessary for one to find her duties irksome; so that time may be enjoyed, and not crowded and rushed.

In wandering about I seemed to miss some familiar object, and I discovered that in all that place there was not one fence to be seen—which gives to the world that box-like appearance. But in place of a fence I saw a golden cord which encircled the island and bound the people together. And I thought I untwisted the cord a little at one end, and found it composed of golden threads of a peculiar composition, which here we would call good will, friendship and love. Some one told me that just as they supposed the family was all inside the circle, a few more members, a little band from the southeast, appeared, and gave them a clasp of the same material, with which to fasten the ends of the cord.

As I dreamed, I found myself alone, gazing distractedly down the numerous streets, wondering which way to turn, until I bethought myself to secure a guide. While wondering whom to ask, a genial, pleasant-looking man approached and offered his services. He had the appearance of a man who has traveled, and who has talked. While conversing with him, I found he had won two titles in life: the first, that of M. D.; the second—after having devoted much time to the study of electricity and conversation—that of Q. R. F.

In wandering about the streets, I found him a valuable companion, for he gave priceless information in regard to the inhabitants of this strange land. It seemed that the people of this place possessed the



same characteristics as in our own land, only carried to greater extent. For instance, there was one man (whom we would all recognize) that held the position of practical joker, and was therefore a terror to his enemies and a blessing to his friends.

We see a fair-haired youth reclining on the green, gazing dreamily at the sky; and I am told that he is the poet of the place, lyrics being his chief delight.

I asked my guide why it was that there were no birds here, and was informed that on certain days all the birds resign in honor of a certain trio which were sometimes persuaded to sing, and that they were about to give an entertainment that afternoon.

I am next conducted to a remote part of the island; and going down to the edge of the bank, he points to a little island away out in the sea, and there I spied a sturdy, dark-eyed youth, and being a generous lad, he has consented to sit here and drum for all the countries on the continent.

The guide next conducts me to an imposing structure, and this is the school of oratory, which is far famed for its grace and elocutionary training. It is conducted by three young ladies, who discovered their gifts by accident a long time before this island was known, while entertaining a few friends who had assembled together.

Down through the center of the island there flows a broad river which reminds one of the beautiful Maumee. And, as its face is reflected in its own depths, it is like Narcissus—in danger of falling in love with itself. All nature seems to be suddenly turned into myriads of artists hastening to add the finishing touches to an already wondrous picture. The sun, taking his last view before retiring, dips his brush into an indefinable mixture of blush, and gold, twilight and sunlight hastily crumbles the whole landscape and departs.

And so we but dimly see what appears to us a mere speck away up the river. Some call it a wild goose. But no! no wild goose was this. Instead, it proved to be a gigantic ship, which filled the river from shore to shore. The decks were crowded;

"And of the ships upon the blue,  
No ship contained a better crew."

And as it slowly sailed down the river, it cast such a shadow o'er the land that their danger seemed appalling. It was with greatest difficulty that they could read on their banner these words: "Olin family, north-west branch; bound for Kennion Island"; while away in the distance, struggling to keep in the wake of the larger boat, there puffed into sight a little tug, small, with but few passengers on board—still spurting and puffing in a way which indicated a strong will to reach the port, regardless of the shadows of the larger boat or the dangers which threatened to engulf it. We took out our glasses, and away around on the prow of the boat read, "New York, Sun and Total." And as the boats drew near the shore, they were greeted by a chorus of voices wafted over the water, singing:

"Let us welcome them, the strangers,  
Hail them as our friends and brothers,  
And the heart's right hand of friendship  
Give them when they come to see us."





And as they disembarked from the larger boat, we saw musicians of every kind, and sages wise, until I thought:

"Nay, let our brothers of the West  
Write, smiling, in her florid pages,  
One-half her soil has waked the rest,  
In musicians, poets, artists, sages."

And as they neared the circle which bound the others, they added their threads, one by one, until lo! instead of a cord they now have a golden cable, which binds the people together for a life-long reunion, where one is not left to feel that

"Who'er has traveled life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
His warmest welcome at an inn."

But I awakened; and they tell me that

"I beheld, too, in that vision,  
All the visions of the future,  
Of the distant days that shall be,  
I beheld the westward marches  
Of the unknown, crowded nations;  
All the land was full of people,  
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,  
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling  
But one heart-beat in their bosoms."

## RESPONSE.

BY FLORA NYE, OF GALESBURG, MICH.

*Dear Friends,*

The branch of Mary Ann has chosen me as their representative, to present to you at this time their kindly greetings, and to thank you for the pleasure they receive from these annual meetings, and the interest taken in still advancing our social relations, which each year is binding closer and closer those kindred ties by which as one family we seem peculiarly bound.

Though we have been spared from sickness and sorrow, other branches have not been so fortunate, to them we extend our tenderest sympathy, and regret we can do no more toward relieving their sorrowing hearts, which are sad by the departure of dear ones.

As one of the young people of Michigan, I voice their sentiments when I say, we thank you for this friendly reception when we arrived in your pleasant village; and ever since, whichever way we turn, we are made to feel that we are welcome.

May affection's chain we 're forging,  
Be wrought of finest steel,  
And its links each year grow stronger;  
And this hallowed love we feel  
For our friends, loved homes and kindred,  
Be strengthened year by year,  
Till no more on earth we mingle  
With these friends who greet us here.



## MICHIGAN DELEGATION PROGRAM.

1. Arrival of train.
2. Miscellaneous talk by excursionists.
3. Music, "Reunion Day," duet and chorus, Mrs. Charles Adams and Mrs. Jennie Hawley.
4. Selection, "Going Somewhere," Miss Grace Stratton.
5. Surprise party—Hiram Olin arrived via sky-light.
6. Duet vocal, "Leaving Home," W. W. Olin, Hettie Russell.
7. Piano solo, Lena Towne.
8. Vocal duet, "Jimmie Brown," Maude and Bessie Olin.
9. Male quartet, "Little Johnny Horner," W. W. Olin, D. C. Olin, Frank Olin, Professor Marchant.
10. Potato Medley or ocarina sextette, Messrs. W. S. White, Professor Marchant, Frank Olin, Charles Olin, D. C. Olin, W. W. Olin, and Wheaton brothers.
11. Memorial service by help of Professor W. S. White and Lantern and Historian G. S. Nye.
12. Music, male quartette, "I am Wandering Down," W. W. Olin, D. C. Olin, Fred Franklin, Professor Marchant.

The drama, "One Hundred Years Ago; or, Our Boys of 1776," represented as having taken place near Philadelphia, was well played, and accepted by the large audience with enthusiastic praise of their efforts to please and entertain. The following is the cast of characters:

Obed Sterling.....	W. J. Haymaker
Ephraim Sterling, his son.....	Otis Green
Elmer Granger, a young patriot.....	A. D. Olin
Will Bosworth, a Quaker convert.....	Harry Burroughs
Pretzell, a Dutchman.....	S. H. Green
Ginger, a negro.....	T. W. Elliman
Blucher, a Tory.....	F. D. Olin
Rachel Sterling, a Quaker mother.....	Miss Metta Doolittle
Ruth Sterling, her daughter.....	Miss Della Stratton
Prudence Granger, Elmer's sister, Mrs. Addie Burroughs	

## A KIND REMEMBRANCE.

Mrs. Clara Green has the heartfelt sympathies of the whole Olin Reunion in her sad bereavement. We all missed her help and her winning ways. We trust and sincerely hope that with the aid of her warm and helpful friends she may conquer her disease.

We all missed the always smiling countenance of Uncle Abram Pratt, who enjoyed all of our reunions so much. He has joined that happy reunion above, whence we are all fast journeying.

The fat man of a former reunion seemed so sad and overly dejected



because of his wonderfully humiliating blunder. Having the excursion uppermost in his mind, he was careless and forgetful enough to give his hogs a free and extra excursion to Ravenna. What a shame! Many dollars' worth of meat was shaken from their bones as well as his, as he madly drove his already weary team home, to await another week. He has the heartfelt sympathies of the reunion, and we hope his memory will not so fearfully betray him again, leaving him so negligent of dates and holding him up before the whole community in such a ridiculous position.

The reunion closed Friday evening with a grand ball, held in I. O. O. F. hall, which was highly enjoyed by the young, as well as many of the older ones.

We have endeavored to give a true and impartial report of all proceedings, and if any have been slighted or omitted, it surely has not been purposely done. We submit the above report, subject to your approbation.

Very Respectfully Yours,

N. E. OLIN,  
C. R. DOOLITTLE,  
L. A. OLIN,  
Committee.





"All Alone. Gone to the Olin Reunion."







"I'LL BE THERE."



## ERRATA.

On page 5, second paragraph and seventh line, read "occupations" for "occasions."

On page 11, middle of page, read "Original poem by Albert D. Olin, Streetsboro," for "Alfred D. Olin."

On page 11, second paragraph and eighth line, read "Paris Bolton" for "Haris Bolton."

On page 12, second line, read "Reine Olin" for "Bessie Olin."









MAY 75



N MANCHESTER,  
INDIANA

